

Act III Scene 2 (Shakespeare)

Saul Williams

This is a call out to all the youth in the ghettos, suburbs, villages, towns
hips

To all the kids who download this song for free

By any means

To all the kids short on loot but high on dreams

All the kids watching T.V. like, "Yo, I wish that was me"

And all the kids pressing rewind on "Let's Get Free"

I hear you

To all the people within the sound of my voice

Spit for the hated, the reviled, the unrefined

The no ones, the nobodies, the last in line

(Shakespeare)

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The no ones, the nobodies, the last in line

I didn't vote for this state of affairs

My emotional state got me prostrate, fearing my fears

In all reality I'm under prepared

'Cause I'm ready for war, but not sure if I'm ready to care

And that's why I'm under prepared

'Cause I'm ready to fight

But most fights got me fighting back tears

'Cause the truth is really I'm scared

Not scared of the truth

But just scared of the length you'll go to fight it

I tried to hold my tongue, son,

I tried to bite it

Not trying to start a riot or incite it

'Cause Brutus is an honorable man

It's just coincidence that oil men would wage war on an oil rich land

And this one goes out to my man

Taking cover in the trenches with a gun in his hand

Then gets home and no one flinches when he can't feed his fam

But Brutus is an honorable man

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If you have tears prepare to shed them now

For you share the guilt of blood spilt in accordance with the Dow Jones

Dow drops fresh crop skull and bones

A machete in the heady: Hutu, Tutsi, Leone

An Afghani in a shanty, doodle dandy yank on

An Iraqi in Gap khaki, Coca Coma, come on

Be ye bishop or pawn, in the streets or the lawn

You should know that these example could go on and on and

What sense it make to keep your ears to the street?

Long as oil's in the soil, truth is never concrete

So we dare to represent those with the barest of feet

'Cause the laws to which we're loyal keep the soil deplete

It's our job to not let history repeat

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So here's the plan
The Ides of March are always at hand
And when the power hungry strike
They strike the poorest of man
And if you dare put up a fight
They'll come and fight for your land
And they'll call it liberation or salvation
A call to the youth
Your freedom ain't so free, it's just loose
But the power of your voice can redirect any truth
Shift and shape the world you want and keep your fears in a noose
And let them dangle from a banner star spangled
I'm willing and able
To lift my dreams up out of their cradle
Nurse and nurture my ideals
'Til they're much more than a fable
I can be all I can be and do much more than I'm paid to
And I won't be a slave to
What authorities say do
My desire - to live within a nation on fire
Where creative passions burn and raise the stakes ever higher
Where no person is addicted to some twisted supplier
Who promotes the sort of freedom sold to the highest buyer
We demand a truth naturally at one with the land
Not a plant that photosynthesizes bombs on demand
Or a search for any weapon we let fall from our hands
I got beats and a plan
I'm 'a do what I can

And what you do is question everything they say do
Every goal, ideal or value they keep pushing on you
If they ask you to believe it, question whether it's true
If they ask you to achieve, is it for them or for you?
You're the one they're asking to go carry a gun
Warfare ain't humanitarian, you're scaring me, son
Why not fight to feed the homeless, jobless, fight inflation?
Why not fight for our own healthcare and our education?
And instead, invest in that erasable lead
'Cause their twisted propaganda can't erase all the dead
And the pile of corpses pyramid on top of our heads
Or never mind, said the shotgun to the head